Candy Corn

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Candy Corn

by TCbook

Summary

Clean up on the aisle 2.

Notes

Thanks to my lovely beta @victorine

Love you 4 ever.

Thank to everyone following this series!

See the end of the work for more notes

Halloween was around the corner and Hannibal's pregnancy was more than obvious, the baby growing every day and more to come during the final term in the next month. Hannibal, of course, kept doing the things he liked, like going grocery shopping without Will to bring home all the different ingredients he was craving from time to time. This time, due to the current month, it was Halloween candy.

Hannibal pushed the cart around the aisles with a soft expression, not so many people in the store after midnight. He liked feeling the extra weight in his belly shift and change position, sometimes winning sweet glances from the other passing omegas, his scent heavy with hormones and another scent growing inside him.

When he finally found the candy aisle he found he needed more than one package of that extra cheap candy he hated so much to sate his need of refined white sugar. The crinkly packaging laid in his hands while he was reading the main ingredients. Soft steps approached him, another omega judging by his scent.

"Oh, you shouldn't eat that," the man said with a high-pitched voice, from behind Hannibal.

Hannibal took it like a friendly bit of advice, moving his body to face the stranger, rubbing his belly to show him why he was craving that kind of stuff, which he normally would have despised. His smile turned sweet while he looked at the fit stranger, who wore a skintight tracksuit.

"Aren't you too old to be pregnant?" the stranger laughed, leaving the aisle with his cart which contained only kale and some sweet potatoes.

Hannibal rubbed his belly, muttering sweet words to the baby inside, trying to calm himself with their own scent.

"Rude."

**

Hannibal paid and packed everything inside his shoulder bag before going to the parking lot, focusing on the only Prius, parked in the far corner. He moved the Bentley just beside it before the tall, skinny omega came out of the store.

Hannibal huffed after the huge effort of pushing and knocking the omega down with his shoulder bag filled with candy and canned chestnuts, leaning over the car to take deep breaths before texting Will.

"Will, can you come to the grocery store? I can't lift this heavy man into the trunk, in the back side of the parking lot."

"We will talk about this." the alpha replied before rushing to the store.

The skinny omega was still alive when Will arrived, concussed and groaning, lying on the pavement between the Prius and their Bentley.

“Hannibal! What happened here?!” Will approached him, kissing his forehead, hands softly roaming the circumference of his belly, checking if everything was all right.

“He was very rude, but I could not do much more than knock him down twice…” Hannibal replied confidently.

“Hannibal, you promised no killing alone during the last trimester!” Will moved to the body, poking it with the point of his boot, making the man groan in pain.

“The baby needs the nourishment of this high-protein man, Will, also he said I was too old to be pregnant.”

“He said *what*?”

And that did it; Will quickly knelt beside the omega on the floor until he opened his eyes. Will smiled, showing his alpha fangs to the man, protecting his omega from the rude behavior of this stranger. The man pulled air into his lungs to scream but Will twisted his neck before he could do anything, his body lying limp and dead in his hands.

Hannibal felt the pull of the string of their bond when Will’s hands took the life of that omega, less than a second after knowing the reason that made Hannibal hunt him down. Their hearts thumped inside their chests with a shared dose of adrenaline and lust. Will stood to cup Hannibal’s face with the same hands that took a life just moments ago, to kiss him with tender and slow movements, their mouths meeting with strokes of lips and tongues until they felt sated of the scent of each other.

“Thank you, my love.”

“It still was dangerous, Hannibal.” Will caressed his belly, covered by layers of undershirts and thick sweaters.

“I, technically, didn’t kill him,” Hannibal chuckled, opening the trunk of the car.

Will handled the man inside the trunk of his car, already covered in plastic. He would make a good source of low-fat protein for the final month.

End Notes

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